

2Pac Lyrics

"Ready 4 Whatever"

(feat. Big Syke)

(Rule number one... niggas die, daily, hahahaha)

Hear me! Boo-yaow!

(Ready for whatever, hell yeah

What type nigga be a Thug Life nigga?

Them Thug Life niggas be the craziest -- run up nigga!)

[2Pac:]

There's no way to survive in the city it's a shame

Niggas die from my hollow-point bullet to the brain

Will I survive or will I die is what I wonder

Puffin on blunts and gettin' drunk to keep from goin' under

Gettin' lost in the madness, blunted gettin' tipsy

Got my pistol out the window screamin', "Lord come and get me"

Am I sick, or am I just another victim?

Unloadin' my clip, I'm watchin' every bullet spit when I kick 'em

Niggas die from automatic gunfire

Your time to expire, nobody cry every man gotta die

When they bury me, they bury me a G

Rest in peace, to all the homies got to heaven before me

Pour some liquor on the curb for the niggas that's caught

Had a motherfuckin' warrant but he didn't go to court

God damn, and one day we'll all be together

Until then I'm ready for whatever, c'mon

(Yeah, niggas movin' somethin' in the nine-trey

It's all about makin' money, gettin' yours

And knockin' coppers off the motherfuckin' planet

Word to the motherfuckin' nine nigga

We gonna make this motherfucker ours

If they don't feel me, they gon' kill me

So Syke, get skanless nigga)

[Big Syke:]

Am I going to Hell or will I reach Heaven?

After all this shit I did with my Mac-11

Did I sell my soul? Mama would have saved me

That's the way that daddy raised me

Oh God, help me I'm losing it

So fuck it! Take me I'm doing it!

I need to change and look for a better way

I got a hundred round clip to my AK

Committing sins I might die in vain

So fuck it! We'll live off the street fame

God didn't send me in the right direction

I'm getting hit by a diesel in the intersection

I know you're out there help a young brother

Til then I'ma smoke motherfuckers

Things wouldn't be so bad

If we got the things that we never had, I'm ready for whatever

(Hahahahaha, that's my motherfuckin' nigga there
Big ballin'-ass Syke
Yeah nigga, you schooled them young bustas
On how it is to be a real motherfuckin' G
In the nine-trey motherfuckers is dyin' daily so you best be packin'
If you ain't, boo-yaow motherfucker!)

[2Pac:]

Dear mama I know you worry cause I'm hardly at home
Every other night in jail, got you patient by the phone
Wanna shake it cause I can't take it got me livin' in Hell
Like I'm walkin' with a secret that'll kill me if I tell
I live the Thug Life and can't nobody, change me
Not to the brain, going insane, just a part of the game
So much pain in the fast lane, finally a dry eye
When I die, bury me with my fo'-five
And let the devil feel the wrath of a nigga
Goin' to Hell with my finger on the trigger
Now everybody's starin'
Got a nigga losin' hair and they wonder if I'm all there
Well don't blame me, blame the flame that flickers
When niggas gettin' richer (mo' money)
Now tell me if you wanna live forever
Niggas dyin' so be ready for whatever

(Yeah, ready for whatever
Ready for whatever
Thug Life niggas and we be ready for whatever
Let me go like this, ready for whatever
Huh, Big Syke he be ready for whatever
My nigga Kato, ready for whatever
Pain, he's ready for whatever
And my nigga Bam Bam, he ready for whatever
My nigga Banks just be ready for whatever
Modu, he's ready for whatever
Big Serg, we ready for whatever
Charlie Tango, ready for whatever
My nigga 'Pac, be ready for whatever
Yeah, ready for whatever
Ready for whatever
My big-ballin' ass nigga Boom, ready for whatever fo' sho'
Yeah, you know!
This how the player's do it
I know you standin' there confused
You wonderin' -- what type of nigga is a Thug Life nigga?
Yeahehehehe nigga, we be the ballin' player-ass nigga
About gettin' riches, bitches, and plenty loc
Ya hear me?)

Ready for whatever

